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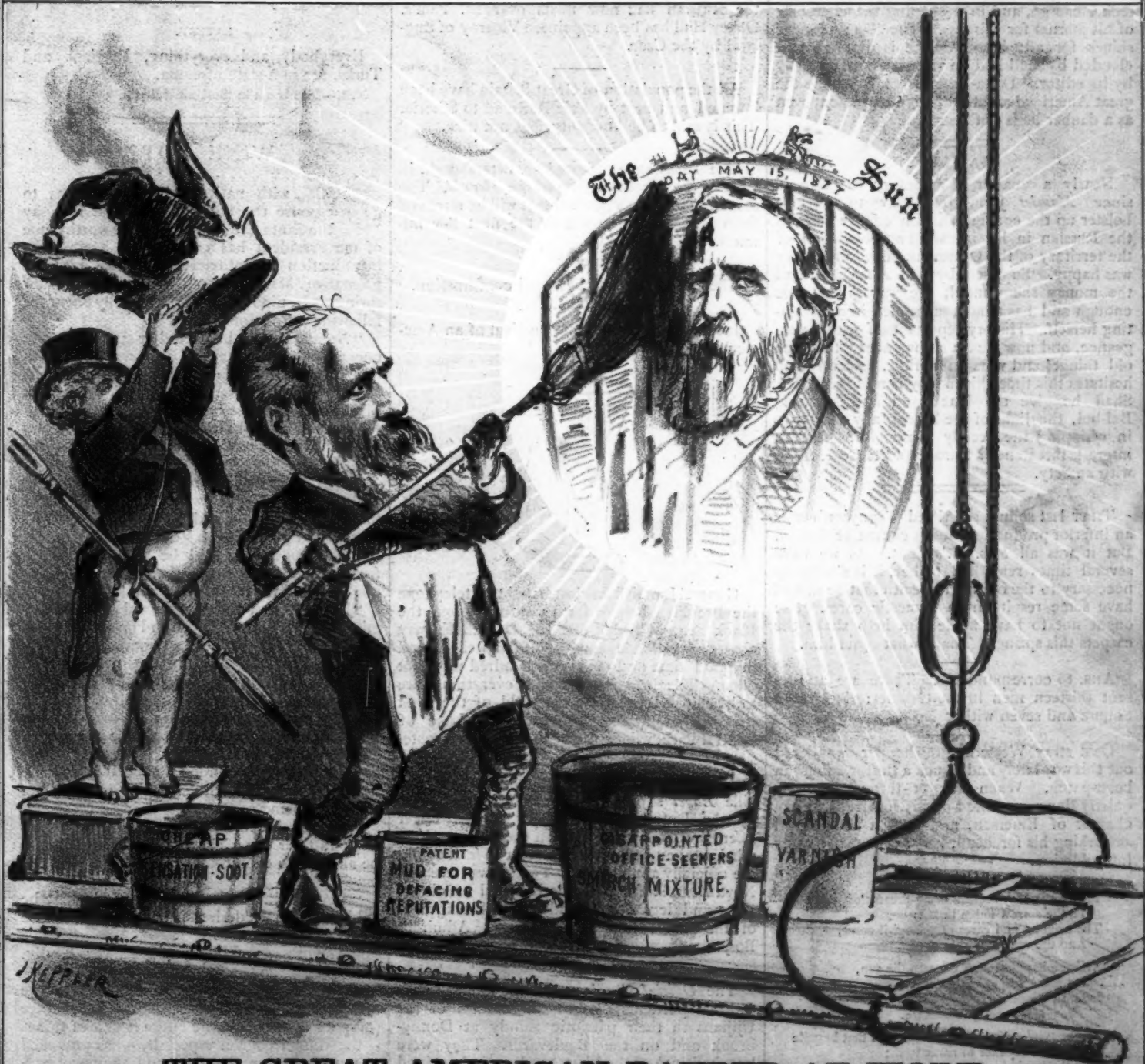
# Puck

PUCK PUBLISHING CO.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN DAUBER AT WORK.

"PUCK",  
No. 13 North William Street, New York.

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Editor "Puck",  
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### PUCK'S CARTOONS.

#### THE GREAT AMERICAN DAUBER.

Mythological Phaeton obtained the guidance of the Chariot of the Sun for one day and set the world on fire. Brilliant Dana has directed the course of the *Sun* for a considerable period without succeeding in setting the world, North River or anything else on fire, but only in showing to what length a disappointed office-seeker can go, and in weakening the character of his journal for fairness. The *Sun* no longer shines for all; its effulgence is dimmed and clouded by mud laid on its surface so savagely by its editor. Dana may become in time the great American artist, although at present even as a dauber he is not a success.

#### HAMLET.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since *Hamlet* John Bull flew to arms to bolster up the corrupt Turkish empire and foil the Russian in his intended appropriation of the territory of the Ottomans. *Ophelia* Turkey was happy. Supplied by Bull *Hamlet* with all the money she wanted, she was given rope enough and has almost succeeded in asphyxiating herself. History repeats itself with a vengeance, and now Russia commences "the same old thing," and wars on Turkey. *Hamlet* Bull hesitates this time; his money is no longer safe. Shall he give the black-eyed and cunning Bul-bul, the light of the harem, any assistance in whipping the greedy Muscovite? Are his interests threatened? Europe awaits the decision with anxiety.

THAT last sonnet of Alfred Tennyson's *was* an inferior production, and it cannot be denied. But it was all Mrs. T.'s fault. As we have several times remarked to her, it is absolutely necessary to the old man's health that he should have some respite from domestic cares. She ought not to have made him help shake the carpets this spring. That's what upset him.

ANS. to correspondents. There are at present thirteen men in the Cabinet: six without Schurz and seven with.

ONE stray Western grasshopper wandered out this way lately and struck a Boston suburban bean-patch. When he got through, he lay quietly down, repented of his misdeeds, read a chapter of Emerson, and with a Boston girl smoothing his forehead, he passed calmly away into oblivion.

THE sweet May breezes bring dreams of peace  
To the sorrow-laden breast:  
The troubles and cares of the spirit cease,  
And the weary heart is at rest.

And the happiest man beneath the sun,  
On Earth's broad green bosom fair,  
Is that philanthropic son-of-a-gun,  
The jovial baggage-smashare.

For he thinks of the summer months that beguile  
The New Yorker to rustic hash;  
And the myriads of trunks in professional style  
He will jerk to eternal smash.

### TELEPHONOGRAMS.

#### LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM PUCK'S SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.

#### Russian Camp.

General Bristlewhistlechewski has just given an elegant cold collation of tallow candles. Tallow has risen in consequence. I'm now lying off until fighting begins in earnest.

The Barrelowhiskey *Bungstarter*, the organ of the Siberian-Czechs, says, that the report that the New York *Herald* is to ally itself with Russia is not confirmed.

At noon to-day Russia declared war against England, Ireland, Scotland and America.

#### Half-an-hour afterwards.

London has fallen without firing a shot, and the Russian flag now floats over St. Paul's. Oakey Hall has been appointed Viceroy of England by the Czar.

All the population of Great Britain have been knouted and sent by Erie Railroad to Siberia. This is said to be knoughty, but not nice.

The Turks have captured St. Petersburg, in spite of the heroic defense of the *Herald*. The seat of the Sultan's government will be removed from Constantinople within the next few minutes.

The last four dispatches need confirmation.

Intense excitement at the arrival of an American schooner.



General Ignatieff has just bought by telephone the Brooklyn Bridge for throwing across the Black Sea, in order that the Danicheffs may cross over to Madagascar and Blackwell's Island in good time and in several hundred places at once. The bridge piers and everything are to be shipped intact in the hold of the most seaworthy miniature yacht on the Lake of Central Park, who will take the Aquarium route.

A Kalamazoo dispatch to the North Smithville *Label* says that the capture of Holland by the Dutch and the rising of the Lager Beer Brewers, who sat upon the Police Commissioners and told the milkman to call again, are officially announced. Two scows have left Nova Zembla for Bellevue Hospital to obtain arms and legs for the advanced blackguards of the grand Lama's Lord High Admiral's Bosjesmans.

The *Official Dmdlr* sends the following additional particulars as to the success of the Ujijians in their patriotic shindy at Donnybrook and on the Boulevards. They were knocked into cocked hats, and entirely ruined the business of Knox.

The *Stanleyarner's* special from Astoria states that the Grasshoppers have decided on a green uniform for the summer campaign. This resolution is denounced in Batoum military circles, who in common with the Patagonian Bulldozers have resolved to issue fried oysters as rations, and shut down on pork and beans.

"Rex," I have just heard, likes the fun of being king so much that he is entertaining a proposition for the rulership of Turkey. He's refused Egypt, because he couldn't reign there.

The Czar has published a card. I send you a copy.



LATEST.

Everybody and everything, Russians and Turks, are in a state of coma.

N.B.—This is not in the United States.

### WINE NOT?

PUCK, with native gallantry, hastens to espouse the holy crusade (that is to say the Santa Crusade) which the worthy wife of our President has commenced against the introduction of intoxicating liquors into the Executive Mansion, and, hat in hand, (new spring style, nine dollars,) respectfully offers the following suggestions:

"No music shall be played or studied by any occupant of the mansion, as it would necessitate a familiarity with 'bars.' [This, however, is not to be construed as a sort of gin sling at Mr. Evarts' practice at the bar.]

"Should a band of music be required at any banquet, the leader will see that the 'horns' are excluded.

"Certain vegetables must be prohibited at table. For instance, it would have a bad effect to hear the children asking for pa's nips. Neither should porter-house steaks be indulged in.

"The children should be strictly enjoined from accepting presents of toys, for fear they might be induced to 'take a ball.'

"The colored servants should not be permitted to perform their jigs and breakdowns—a breakdown being akin to a 'smash.'

"The laundress must not hang out less than four pieces of bed linen—this will prevent her from getting three sheets in the wind.

"Any messenger may enter the mansion, but no porter; and servants should be discharged after they get stout.

"All packages intended for the White House should be tied up with colored cord—white twine not being admitted.

"Spoons should not be used, as they are always in their cups; and but one mirror should be allowed to each room, two being a glass too much.

"Leaves with coffee and lemonade may be held as often as desired; but there should be no cordial receptions.

"The press should be received always kindly, excepting alone the wine-press."

These are all courteously submitted to the aforementioned lady, whose efforts to so change (may we not say sauterne?) the course of things—the dinner course, especially—has provoked so much comment; and should they prove effective, Puck gives notice that he intends to



submit to the same gracious lady a more general code for the country at large, to include:

The deposition of all collectors of ports; the omission from our histories of the battle of Brandywine; the elimination of *Prince Paul* from "La Grande Duchesse"—because he admits that he is fond of his *Grog*; the abolition of the conductor's punch, the cotton gin, and of all half-and-half measures; with special sections providing that toasts cannot be drunk, type "set up," ladies be indulged with black, brown, or green seal, or be permitted to enjoy shoppin'; railroads be elevated, storms brewing, or babies brought up on the bottle.

And Puck would have it thoroughly understood that nothing in the foregoing shall debar him from any little pleasure, from when at early dawn he becomes an eye-opener, until the midnight bell warns him, 'tis time to look for his nightcap.

### Puckerings.

THE King of Siam signs himself "Chu Long Korn." It is better, however, in the shape of succotash.

OF course; no sooner does the news of the trouble in the French ministry reach us, than some funny contributor has got to observe, "Simon says out!"

THE Philadelphia papers are advocating the introduction of "the needle in public schools." Sew pressing the needle grow that the agitation will begin to assume threatening proportions.

THE *Evening Telegram* says Count Andrassy looks more like a brigand than any other European statesman—even although he's a Count and dresy to boot.

IT is an assurance of success to find a horseshoe just as you are about to begin an important undertaking; but if you find two, it makes horseshoerance doubly sure.

THE metallurgist of an exchange says: "American copper is entirely free from iron and stronger." We don't object to having our copper free from iron; but when it comes to knocking out the stronger, we weaken on American enterprise.

IT makes a man mad and his wife madder, when he wakes up in the early morn and finds he's gone to bed in his boots and stove-pipe hat, and recollects that it was a lodge meeting that made him forget to divest himself of these articles.

THE new style has come back again with the heat of summer; and, as we look at our head-gear, we sigh and feel that science, with all her progress, has not yet taught us how to dye a black hat white.

AN exchange says that Colonel Robert Ingersoll received for a legal fee a one-third interest in a locomotive, but it was taken out of the country by divers creditors. Then it must have been a sub-marine engine. Can't he engine them?

APROPOS of the Carnival fizzle, Long Branch has beaten New York out-and-out. Its wrecks slid comfortably up on the beach three months ago—without any grand flourish of trumpets, either—and have remained there ever since. Our "Rex" landed at the Battery and was relegated the same evening to the obscurity from which he ought never to have emerged.

WE learn with much satisfaction that the Reading police are instructed to stop the use of toy pistols; and now if those who can and can't read and write would stop the reckless use of their locusts, we should feel still happier.

COUNTERFEIT antimony-lead and tin half-dollars circulate in Eureka, Nevada. In this benighted region slang is at a discount. If a new-comer playfully asks for "tin," he is sure to get what is anti-money.

AN exchange tells us that "a red wolf has been shot in Lehigh the first in seventy years." Has Lehigh received a shot in seventy years—or has the first year shot a red wolf in seventy—or which first red wolf was it of the Lehigh seventy years shot—or has the red wolf been shot for seventy years in Lehigh—or did Lehigh shoot the seventy years in the red wolf?

THAT fast young gentleman, Deuceace De Coursey, after having been cleaned out at "red and black," was advised to go to Turkey and join the Bashi-Bazouks. He refused, however, on the ground that he had had sufficient of the *rouge et noir*.

"MR. LIVERMORE," said Miss Eunice Smith to the gentleman who had been looking at her sweet fingers while she had been performing on the piano, "Do you know what I have just been playing?" Mr. Livermore didn't know, but he didn't want to confess it; so he merely drawled: "Oh—ah—yes; wasn't it something from 'Robert Macaire'?" Miss Smith didn't answer; she changed the subject and asked him when he thought the next carnival would come round.

AN exchange says:—It is said that Mr. Caleb Cushing's great delight is to go fishing; furthermore, that work is his idol, his rest, change of work. This is the reason he went to Spain for Spanish mackerel. His idol is work, his rest change of "idol"; our "idle" is *dolce far niente*, and that sort of work is our idol.

"PASS it round," said one boy to another as he hit him a whack over the ear, in the expectation that he would deliver the same to his neighbor. But the boy that was whacked wouldn't pass, and for seven minutes afterwards two promising young men were seen rolling in the same gutter trying to bite each other's noses off, and when their mothers came to pick them up, they looked so much alike in their distress it was hard to tell which was which, and for all we know, each of the mothers thrashed the other's son.

### FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.

#### IX.

#### CARNIVAL.



Ya-as, my experiences in this country are growing more doosidly widiculous than ever, and I was wather wuffed, and almost in a wage, because some fellows persuaded me to witness an ar-

wangement called a Carnival. You musn't imagine I'm such an a-ass as not to have wead about these things.

I wemember there is a carnival of Venice. By Jove, I have a stwong impwession that's a piece of instwumental music, because I wecollected a forweign fellow scwaping it out on a fiddle,

and, ha! ha!—he'd make vewy cuwious noises like the bwaying of donkeys and the cwowing of hens of the wougher sex. Amerwicans call them "woosters," I believe, because they woost. Amerwicans often call fellows woosters. I think it vewy bad form to compare wespectable human beings with the manners and customs of poultwy. Jack Carnegie said that there couldn't be a carnival in this month, for there was only one pwoper time of year for it, and then he made some wemarks about Lent, which I can't wecall to mind, but Jack isn't always wight, although ewevy fellow says he's well wead. Besides he must be wong this time, for there was a Carnival, for I saw the pwocession myself, and it did take place in this month unless my bwain is turned or I've lost my weckoning.

There's a paper pwinted in New York called the *Herwald*. I warely wead papers at home, though I take in the *Morning Post* and *Bell's Life*, and pewuse when I stwoll in *Pall Mall* and look in at my clubs some of the advertisements in the *Times* for wecweation. Well, the *Herwald* told a fellow what woute the pwocession would take, and that a fellow named "Wex" would land at a place called the Batterwy. I hear it is called a batterwy because it used to be a cwicket gwound in the time of Alfwd the Gweat, and fellows used to bat there; but now Amerwicans don't play cwicket. "Wex" means "King." I do wecollect that in my Latin gwammar, although how a wepublic with a Pwesident can allow a carnival to have a King, is incompwehensible. I'm afwaid I shall never understand the weason.

Wex landed fwom a steamer, and several fellows told me that he wesided on an island a few miles down the wiver and was a bwewer. He had on a cwown and wobes. What an egwegwious a-ass I should look in such things—but any fellow who could be a "Wex" at a carnival must be a blasted idiot, yer know. "Wex" got up on a thwone placed in a chawiot and dwawn by rather pwetty nags, and then the pwocession moved up Bwoadway Stweet. I thought I should see the sort of demonstration a fellow sees on Lord Mayor's day; but, as I have before wemarked, Amerwicans never can do anything pwoperly—I mean in London style. There was only a long twain of dways, carts, wagons and vans—the pwoperty of fellows in all sorts of beastly twades—wine and spiwit dealers, dwy-champagne sellers, soap-makers, with sign-boards in wed, gween and other colors on the vehicles, which looked like the car-wavans of Wombwell's Twaveling Menagerwie in a country town. Jack said it was all an "advertising dodge." I can't understand why fellows pwint in papers and other places what they have to sell. I never wead these things; but go to my tailor or bootmaker, and other twadesmen, when I want anything new, or these twades fellows come to me.

I felt horwibly bawed. In the evening I was at a club on Fifth Avenue, and there was another widiculous pwocession. There was a lot of wed fire, flarwing up occasionally, and a host of gwroups on twiumpfal cars on wheels, and wawious sorts of fellows and other cweatures, dwessed up in a most outwageous manner. Jack said they were gweat: something-or-others in Amerwican histowy. I don't wonder Amerwicans are glad to be wepublicans—if such wetched things took place under Bwitish wule—but I don't cwedit it, it can't be twue. There were a lot of Indian fellows thwowing tea-chests overboard from a small ship—a vewy gweat waste of tea—and some absurdly dwessed individuals pwetending to dwink champagne, and fellows behind some twunks shooting with wifes, and that "Wex" again, who must be a duffer and a muff. I got quite dwowsy and fell asleep in my chair, and when some fellow awoused me, I took some more bwandy and soda, and went with Jack to our wooms at the Bwevoort.



## GINGER.

**M**Y editor told me to bring,  
When last he met me,  
A poem; but I must sing  
On the subject set me.  
And my poor little muse, 'twould seem,  
Is compelled to hinge her  
Light rhymes on a 'plexing theme—  
He has chosen—Ginger.

I fain would sing of a maid  
Than whom who's fairer?  
Rose cheeks, too bright to fade,  
Blue eyes; and hair—er—  
By Jove, I will do it, too;  
For gold lights tinge her  
Locks, which were else the shade  
Of—Jamaica Ginger.

Her face is like to the May  
For sun and shadow:  
Her eyes drive wrath away  
From the heart half mad o-  
Ver wounds made by lips all too sweet,  
E'en when they singe her  
Lovers who lie at her feet  
With a touch of—Ginger.

Life lights in lip and eye  
Defiant laughter;  
If grief win half a sigh,  
Quick joy smiles after:  
And whatever mischance may hap,  
What pang or twinge, her  
Spirit will keep its snap—  
She's full of—Ginger.

In her eyes if the gleam of joy  
Were made more tender  
By some sweet griet's alloy,  
Could I hope to bend her?  
If as clouds in a kiss divine  
On clouds impinge, her  
Lips I questioned with mine,  
Would she give me—Ginger?

Ah! were Aphrodite's so sweet  
As my love's kisses  
The fond wind flies to meet?  
—It's too much, this is!  
Your theme on my rights, Mr. Ed.,  
Shall not infringe; her  
Alone will I sing to, woo, wed  
And wear her—by Ginger.

H. C. BUNNER.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S TALKS.

## III.



WHAT did they made me for, anyway?

I don't want to be little Tommy any longer. I want to die, and go where the people that die go to.

I went out this morning when mama wasn't looking, and I sat on the back-step of an ice-cart till the ice-man made me get off with the sharp end of his boot.

I didn't know the step was wet.

But mama did, when I came in the parlor and sat down on the sofa. My mama's sofa's all covered with satin.

Is yours?

If it isn't, don't let her cover it, or you won't ever get a chance to sit on ice-carts on the back-steps, even when the man isn't looking.

'Cause my mama said I spoiled that sofa, and that I was a horrid naughty boy, and that

I must go right up-stairs and get my trowsers dried.

But my papa said I needn't go up-stairs. He said it was no matter, and he'd dry 'em himself. He did. He dried 'em on me.

If I was the man who makes people, I wouldn't make any more little boys. Or else I wouldn't make any more papas. Or I'd make satin sofas so they could't be spoiled, and I wouldn't make ice-men with boots.

The way he does things now, a little boy can't have any fun.

I want to die. I want to die and go to heaven, and never come back again.

Or if I can't die, I want some strawbelly jam, right away, please.

\* \* \* \*

It's so much better to be a big man than to be a little boy. Big men can eat lobster-salad, and go to the featre, and 'moke pipes, and I suppose they can sit on ice-cart back-steps if they want to.

I wonder why my papa don't ever ride on an ice-cart. He'd like it. It's awful nice.

And his papa's dead.

I can't write a longer letter this time. I never could write standing up. And now I can't write sitting down.

## NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

**T**HIS morning, after a half-hour's struggle with the war news in the *Herald*, and an hour's exciting exploration of the accompanying war map, I turned to the multifarious and powerfully written advertisements for a little mental recreation, when my eye fell upon the following line:

"No trouble to show goods."

This legend recalled the experience of one of our citizens, which may instruct if not amuse.

Mr. Smoothleigh embarked in the drygoods business recently, and had a few thousand circulars printed, announcing "a grand opening of the largest and freshest stock of goods in town;" and at the bottom of the announcement were the words: "No trouble to show goods."

The circulars were freely distributed, and the next morning, when Mr. Smoothleigh was alone, a fashionably dressed young lady, with pink cheeks and yellow ribbons, lightly waltzed into the store and asked to see some spring silks. Mr. S., with his face wreathed in smiles of pleasant expectancy, displayed piece after piece of tempting goods, and the young lady scrutinized them carefully, but was very sorry that she didn't see just what she wanted. Then she said she would look at some of his cashmeres, and the dry-goods man, with his smile perceptibly contracted, placed his entire stock of cashmeres on the counter for his fair customer's inspection, but her fastidious taste rejected them all.

Then she wished to see some unbleached muslins, and Mr. Smoothleigh, with chunks of weariness in his eyes and a pain across the middle of his back, mounted and remounted the step-ladder until his knee-joints creaked, and the counter was heaped so high with fabrics that he had to stand on his toes and elongate his neck to see over the pile, and the young lady was obliged to climb on top of a high stool to inspect the goods. She believed she would call another time for muslins, but would he be kind enough to let her look at some of his best alpacas? And the unhappy merchant mopped his perspiring brow, smothered some expressions unfit for publication in a family journal, and lugged down the alpacas. By this time Mr. Smoothleigh was convinced that the man who inserts in his advertisement the bald exaggeration, "No trouble to show goods," is the most

prodigious idiot outside of an insane asylum, and he longed to go home and help his wife take down stoves and beat carpets—just for a little rest!

The young lady said the alpacas were very good and very cheap; but she had concluded to defer her purchase until another time: and, before Mr. Smoothleigh could determine whether to rush out and throw himself under a street-car, or merely kill the woman and conceal her body in an empty store box in the cellar, she smiled confidently, and observed that she would look at some of his seven-button kid gloves, "if you please." He "pleased;" but the awful things he wanted to go out in the country to say, as he spitefully shoved a box of gloves before his customer, would have made a boss pirate dangerously ill for more than a week. The gloves were not the right shade; but perhaps he had some Hamburg edgings that would please her. The smile that the dry-goods man conjured up as he responded, "I hope so," was pregnant with manslaughter, if not murder in the first degree. He would have given five hundred dollars on the spot if he could have been relegated to the land of the heathen, where the only dry-goods worn by women consist of a fishbone in the nose, a wart on the back, and a red string around the ankle.

The young lady, with a freshness and impulsiveness fairly bewildering, critically examined the edgings, and then, tossing them aside with an air of indifference, purchased a paper of needles, and swept out of the establishment, apparently all unconscious of the fact that she had forever blighted the life of a once happy man. She said she would call again; and Mr. Smoothleigh mentally resolved that if she "called again" before he had time to get out of the back door and over the fence, the place would be stained with female gore.

Mr. Smoothleigh spent an hour and a half in replacing the goods which his circulars said were "no trouble to show," and at noon he told his wife that he was going to sell out. He intends to engage in a less arduous business. He thinks something like quarrying stone or digging cellars would be preferable to running a dry-goods store—even if it is "no trouble to show goods."

D. D.

## PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

Pouf!

Jones is better.

Briggs is worse.

Don't you think so?

Who struck Wm. Patrick Erson?

Soft-soap should not be used for cleaning jewelry.

Susan B. Anthony looks like a thousand—of bricks.

The coal merchant is going into the ice business this season.

Croton Lake ice, fried in bread-crumbs, is a pleasant summer beverage.

In this season it is not safe to have more than four blankets on your bed at night.

Oswald Ottendorfer can walk as straight as a telegraph pole. He does not edit a Personal Intelligence Column.

Charles Lamb made his best joke in an omnibus, but some of our exchanges have been making puns on Kars.

Do not throw a brick at your wife. Take her out into the backyard and appeal to her affections with a rolling-pin.

Martin Farquhar Tupper is a greater poet than Shakespeare, and he knows that two times two make four, and can spell words of one syllable.



## VERY CLAIRVOYANT.

A CHAPTER IN ASTROLOGY.

IS there such a thing as telling the future? In reading the advertisements of clairvoyants and astrologers in the New York dailies, I had often asked myself this question. And I am free to confess I was somewhat skeptical.

The poet has said that "Coming events cast their shadows before;" but I was not willing to believe that the veil of futurity would be drawn aside at the command of any mortal mind—even though that mortal received two dollars for the job.

Being doubtful, I determined to test the question for my own satisfaction.

Accordingly, I clipped the clairvoyant column from my evening paper; marked the advertisements of several of them who professed to tell the most, and started on a tour of investigation.

For the benefit of the readers of PUCK, I transcribe the various interviews I had with the daughters of darkness.

I called first on Madame Blank (the right name will be sent on receipt of stamp), of 25th Street.

A colored servant ushered me into a reception room, uttered the seemingly irrelevant words, "two dollars in advance," and quietly slid out.

Presently Madame Blank entered the room. She wore a black suit throughout, and looked as if she had just stepped out of the fourteenth century instead of the adjoining apartment.

She gazed at me with her piercing black eyes, and gently murmured, "Two dollars in advance."

"You are Madame B—," I responded, "the celebrated clairvoyant?"

"The same," she replied. "Two dollars in advance, please."

"Ah, yes! Two dollars. I am glad you reminded me of it;" and I handed her a bank-note of the requisite denomination. She closed on it like a healthy hen-hawk on a spring chicken, and then she proceeded to tell me that she was the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, and that circumstances qualified her to open the book of the future and read its mysterious pages.

"Sit down," she said; "look at me and keep your mind on the all-important subject that brings you here."

I obeyed.

She seated herself in an arm-chair facing me, closed her eyes, and apparently sank into a profound slumber.

Presently her lips moved, and she spoke as follows:

"Young man, you are born to a high and noble destiny. A glorious future awaits you. In the past you have had trouble, but the path that lies ahead is lined with flowers. Your name shall be written in imperishable characters on the scroll of fame.

"You are possessed of an inquiring and active mind. In the not far distant future I see you clad in snow-shoes, and with an elephant rifle slung over your shoulder, following in the footsteps of Speke and Stanley along the winding banks of the Nile.

"You will succeed in finding Bennett and Charlie Ross, and return to your native land covered with glory and a linen duster.

"Later you will go to California and become immensely rich. From there you will remove South and marry a wealthy widow living in the suburbs of Houston, Texas. From that time forth, nothing greater than a ten-cent ripple will ever cross your pathway.

"You will slide quietly down the side-hill of Time to a ripe old age, and at last die happy,

surrounded by your nine sons and seventeen beautiful daughters."

Madame Blank paused.

The vision had ended, and she was once more awake.

As I arose to go, she inquired if I did not consider she had earned the money.

I admitted that I thought she had.

Next I called on Mrs. Forrester, the tea-cup medium, of Forsyth Street.

She told me that my mind was troubled. Some impending revelation of past perfidy was hanging over my head like the sword of Damocles.

She advised me to go to Europe, and try to lose sight of my trouble in travel and study.

For this valuable information and kind advice she charged the reasonable sum of fifty cents.

From there I hastened to the rooms of Madame De Ryther, the star-gazer.

After a preliminary financial transaction of one dollar between us, she consulted the planets and ascertained that I was a young Methodist clergyman. That I preached in a small country town, and was endeavoring to struggle along on a salary of \$150, cash, and an annual donation, consisting of a peck of beans, four quarts of dried apples, a pair of cast-off pants, and four yards of shilling calico.

That I was undecided whether to continue in the straight and unremunerative path of well-doing, or to go out and rob a bank and live a life of luxury and ease.

She said the evil in my nature might triumph, or it might not. She couldn't venture to predict with certainty in the matter; but, for fifty cents additional, she would point out a bank that could be robbed in open daylight, with perfect impunity.

I did not close with the offer.

I don't like to see people earn their money so easily.

The next and last clairvoyant I visited was the famous Mme. X. Her specialty is love cases.

She can read the inmost workings of the human mind as easily as the ordinary mortal can read a circus poster.

The moment her eagle-eye rested on my intellectual countenance, she exclaimed:

"You have come to consult me in a matter of the heart. You are in love."

"But I am married," I protested.

"I know it," she replied, nothing daunted. "Your wife has red hair and six children. She is not your affinity. You loved her once, but now your heart bows down in silent adoration at the shrine of a dark-haired maiden. Is it not true?"

"Alas! too true," I answered, determined to humor her. "Under the circumstances, what would you advise me to do?"

"Do!" she continued. "Take the wings of the morning express and fly to Chicago, Cook Co., Ill. There the bonds of marriage are light and ephemeral as the dewdrop which a passing footstep brushes away. Need I say more? Go and be happy!"

I am convinced that astrology is a wonderful science.

I must away on my various missions. Will some benevolent individual please forward to my address three dollars and fifty cents in specie, an elephant rifle, a pair of snow-shoes, a small-sized Methodist church, a burglar's jimmy, and a free railroad pass to Chicago?

THE Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Mirror* has a "variety critic;" and this is his elevated and original style: "We had rather be a button on Jennie Satterlee's overskirt than dwell in the tents of the wicked." And this he attributes to King David.

## LIGHT WANTED.

PUCK has just come across a little story in a Philadelphia paper, which has only served to pique his curiosity. It is by no means an uninteresting little tale in itself, but there is a lack of completeness about it which is simply tantalizing. While giving the reader a certain amount of information, it excites a craving for more.

This is no light and unimportant matter—it is a subject of mighty moment, and the most vital interests of the nation demand the elucidation of the question.

Then opens the narrative:

"George Washington, the father of his country, on his seventh birthday, received the present of a little hatchet from his father."

This is not all; the tale goes on to recount how the youthful George hacked to pieces with base ingratitude and the aforesaid hatchet a favorite cherry-tree of the paternal Washington, who appears to have been a man of affectionate disposition. This conduct on George's part led to an emotional scene between father and son, described in a manner touching in the extreme.

But Puck desires only that his perfectly legitimate curiosity as to the initial portion of the history should be satisfied; and he has conceived the idea that it may be done through the medium of a mejum.

If there is any potent professional spirit-raiser among PUCK's readers, will he have the kindness to elevate the ghost of the departed George or his next-of-kin, to respond to the following questions:

I. Who was George Washington, anyway? An incidental allusion in the Philadelphia *Journal* give us to understand that he in after life entered the army; but it does not state in what capacity—whether as sutler or corporal of the guard.

II. Why was he called the father of his country? Isn't this an unwarranted aspersion upon the character of a perfectly inoffensive young man, and an insult to cis-atlantic femininity?

III. Was there any mystic significance in making the youth the recipient of a present on his seventh birthday? And is it positively certain that he was exactly seven years of age? Puck wants to see George Washington's certificate of baptism.

IV. Was the hatchet a present? May we feel confident of this? Didn't the youthful George take it out in doing chores about the paternal farm? Was it a free-will gift; or did George hint for it, and say, "Pa, I ain't got no hatchet, 'n' Jim Robinson's got one with red paint on it, 'n' I think it's real mean." If George bothered the old man into giving it in self-defense, it can't be properly called a present. There's nothing like accuracy, even in these small matters.

V. Was it a hatchet? Wasn't it a broad-axe, or a hash-chopper, or an adze, or a tooth-pick, or a tommyhawk? Who made it? What was its exact size? And did it come with a helve, or did George have to steal a rung out of his father's easy-chair to make it complete?

VI. Is it a fact, ascertained beyond the shadow of doubt?—Well, perhaps this is the point at which Puck's investigation had better stop.

"SNIDE," "gimp," "tart," and all similar condemnatory slang phrases are superseded. The latest vestibule neologism is "dire." The critical youth in the dress-coat now regards the incompetent professional with an air of critical disgust, and says: "Ah! ain't he dire!"

THERE has been a Carnival out West. They call it the Mardi grass-hopper.



## THEN AS NOW. (PSYCHE VERSUS CUPID.)

**S**WEET Psyche once, with Cupid fooling,  
(At loss what else to say,  
Spake—"Let me try my hand at ruling,  
And have your bow to-day.  
I'm sure it is amusing—very—  
To think what I might do;  
So give it to me, dear, and hurry—  
(I want the arrows, too.)"

"Why don't you speak?"—poor Cupid thought  
Her asking rather coolish;  
He knew Old Wisdom long had taught,  
"To trust a woman's foolish."  
And so, while he began to pout,  
And fume and fret a little,  
He—just like any country lout—  
Began to muse—and whittle.

"Supposing she should 'go for' Jove,  
(Twixt goddesses and woman,  
The old man's sadly given to rove)—  
In fact, he's very human.  
My Psyche is a 'little dear'  
(While Jove, he rules the thunder);  
'Bout such one has good cause to fear  
When they admire and wonder."

So he began—"You darling pet,  
My bow would lose its power,  
If near your lips it lingered yet  
The fraction of an hour;  
The cord forget its part to fill,  
Where'er your ringlets twine—  
The very arrows lose their skill  
Beneath your glance divine."

But Psyche stole them all—we know—  
For every one confesses  
Sweet woman's lips a Cupid's bow,  
The cord hid 'midst her tresses;  
An arrow trembles in each eye  
(So every lover fancies),  
Loosed by the heaving of a sigh,  
And guided by her glances.

CHAS. E. LAWRENCE.

## PUCK'S MODERN SYMPOSIUM.

### I.

SCENE: *The New York Stadtkeller.* TIME: *Four o'clock on a Friday afternoon.*  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: *The Editor; the Poet Pessimist; the Blarsted Briton; the Cheerful Critic. All seated at a table. Kellner standing near by.*

THE EDITOR. Gentleman, designate it.  
THE POET PESSIMIST. Gin and sugar.  
THE BLARSTED BRITON. Glahss of ale.  
THE CHEERFUL CRITIC. Eins! and Pumpernickel sandwich.  
THE EDITOR. Eins! without a Pumpernickel sandwich. [Exit KELLNER.]  
THE EDITOR. And now, my merry men, the preliminary services being over, let us proceed to business.  
THE BRITON. (overcome by Parliamentary reminiscences.) Hear, hear! The order of the day!  
THE CRITIC. (waking up from a reverie.) I gave my order before—Eins and a Pump—  
THE EDITOR. Mr. Critic is under a misapprehension. Literature first; lager afterwards. [CRITIC subsides.]  
THE POET. Mr. Editor, I have a poem to offer you. It is an illustration of the Poetry of the Middle of Next Week—you have perhaps heard the phrase? It recognizes in all true poesy a basic element of science—you understand?  
THE EDITOR. Certainly—Palaeozoic Periods—Survival of the Fittest—Missing Link—Evolution—Huxley's Porous Protoplasm—

THE POET. Precisely. The only true and latest system of poetry. Not that we—

THE BRITON. (doubtfully.) Who are "we"?

THE POET. (loftily.) Oh, us fellows who write the Poetry of the Middle of Next Week—I'll introduce you to our circle some day. Well, I say, not that we altogether throw overboard the inferior versifiers who have preceded us. We are eclectic—we find something good in all, even though they had not our lights. For instance, in this last poem of mine, you may notice that accidentally, by mere sympathetic reflexion, I have given a faint echo, so to speak, of some elder verse-writers—poets, I suppose you would call them.

THE EDITOR. Mr. Poet, what is "sympathetic reflexion?" Isn't it something like "arcane dynamics?"

THE BRITON. Or "Heterophemy?"

THE CRITIC. Or Pumper—

THE POET. (hastily.) I despise groveling minds. Er—er—where was I? Oh! my poem. One editor told me it was half Swinburne and half Shelley— (Re-enter KELLNER.)

THE EDITOR. Here's the nectar; we'll let up on literature for the present. Mr. Poet, when that half-Shelly muse of yours comes along our way, we'll h' oyster—into the wastebasket.

THE CRITIC. Mr. Editor, I have an idea for an article.

THE EDITOR. Keep the idea, and give me the article.

THE CRITIC. It is a serious article, entitled "A Plea for Humor."

THE EDITOR. Oh, you've come to the wrong shop. Go to some religious paper—go to the *Undertakers' Journal*, or the *London Punch*, or the P. I. column of the *Herald*.

THE CRITIC. (ignoring the interruption.) It is a plea for humor of a more vigorous kind than the native style. Let us have the fine, broad old British fun, or the sparkling, vivacious Gallic wit. Let us inaugurate a crusade against the prudery of our home-bred ways. Let us—

THE EDITOR. Look here, Mr. Critic, that will do. I know what's coming—just what you're working up to. Next time you'll tell us that you've written a play, by way of illustrating your theory—that is, you've boucicaulted it from the French. It is a great moral drama, of high aims and contemporaneous human interest, and its name in the original was "Toto chez Tata."

THE CRITIC. *Honi soit qui mal y—*

THE EDITOR. (quickly.) *Pluribus unum*—yes, I've heard the quotation, but it doesn't apply. Anyway, I don't want you to get high-toned, and go to slinging your Greek about here; quote German, if you've got to quote, while you're here.

THE CRITIC. 'Twasn't Greek. It was Celtic.

THE BRITON. Still more out of place in these classic shades, where they sell cash, and don't sell tick.

THE EDITOR. Albion may take a rest after that. Mr. Critic, subside in peace. You have a mind that cannot rise above salacity and Pumpernickel. I had an item about the cat-teaser, which I intended to give to one of you boys to write up; but I certainly won't give it to you. (The Critic wipes away a silent tear.) I wouldn't trust you to write about an old maid giraffe walking out after nightfall. Hereafter you will have to confine yourself to the description of inanimate objects.

THE CRITIC. (sighing.) Ah, this paper will never rightly fulfill its mission, until you let me make up a funny column on my own plan.

THE EDITOR. You forget, sir, this is a family journal. The head of the family reads it at the domestic board.

THE BRITON. What's the domestic board? The servants' table?

THE EDITOR. Albion will please desiccate.

THE BRITON. Desiccate?

THE EDITOR. Dry up.

(THE BRITON reaches for his glass, intending to use it for a missile; finds it half-full, and controls his wrath.)

THE CRITIC. That's all right. The funny column ought to contain a lot of unexceptionable jokes, which the head of the family might read at the domestic board, and one single little one which he'd have to go behind the door to read to himself. I tell you, the public likes a bit of spice.

THE EDITOR. If you had the making of a funny column, you'd keep the head of the family in permanent retirement behind that door. Now you can go to join dessicated Albion.

THE BRITON. Mr. Editor, can't I have that cat-teaser paragraph? I won't make it salacious; my plea is rather for dignity in humor.

THE EDITOR. Oh, yes, you'd make it into a *London Times* leading editorial. Is that what you mean by dignity?

THE BRITON. (aggrieved.) Now what's the use of digg'n' at a feller in that way?

THE EDITOR. (feebly.) Please don't.

THE POET. I'll write your paragraph for you.

THE EDITOR. (aroused.) You? You're a Poet—or at least—

THE POET. True genius can compass all things.

THE EDITOR. True genius can't sling a paragraph unless it's had experience in the business. Why, you'd write your paragraph in blank verse or as a section of a sonnet. You'd go at it something this way:

"Cat, close upon the fence thy body lies,  
Like Antony upon the corpse of Caesar:  
Upon the roof thou stood'st, and scorn'd'st the skies,  
And now thou'st landed on the patent teaser!"

THE CRITIC. Well, if we can't, who is going to do the paragraph?

THE EDITOR. I am.

THE CRITIC. (aside.) Bloated monopolist!

THE BRITON. (aside.) Editorial autocrat!

THE POET. (aside.) Groveler!

THE CRITIC. (aside.) He can't write.

THE BRITON. (aside.) He couldn't be funny if he tried—except by accident.

THE POET. (aside.) He has no soul.

THE EDITOR. Gentlemen, do I hear murmurs?

THE CRITIC. Oh, no! we were remarking that you are just the man for the job.

THE BRITON. Quite suits your style of humor.

THE POET. Just the thing.

THE EDITOR. (complacently.) I think you are all better for a little word of advice now and then; at any rate, I have done my duty. I shall go home and dine a mite easier for having blown you up.

THE POET. If I had made such a joke as that, I might die, 'n' I might be killed by an outraged public.

THE EDITOR. It must be time for this séance to close. Who knows what hour it is? My watch is on the sick-list. I—er—broke the cover—it's inva-lid-ed.

THE POET. My watch doesn't go. Critic, what is your time?

THE CRITIC. Called in.

THE BRITON. (in sudden astonishment.) Ba-jove, I left my watch at home—on the piano.

THE EDITOR. (solemnly.) This ought to be called the "Simpsonium."

THE BRITON. Who attends to our indebtedness?

THE CRITIC. I do.

OMNES. Hurra for the Critic.

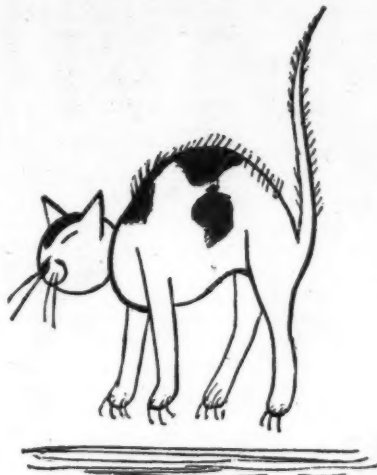
(Exit, adagio con sentimento, omnes except KELLNER, who remains gazing blankly at three empty glasses and one Pumpernickel crust. Affecting tableau.)

CURTAIN.



## LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

THE CAT. (*Felis*.)

Although the Cat has nine lives, our readers must not expect us to tell them about more than one of them, and that one even we tell about under protest, as we do not like the Cat, and we think the feeling is mutual. Cats were first domesticated in Egypt; that was fair enough, but they ought to have stayed there. The Cat's principal features are its eyes, its claws, and its voice. The Cat can see in the dark, and catch mice. The latter accomplishment is its only redeeming one; but as far as our taste goes, we'd rather have a mouse-trap than a Cat, anyhow. Cats are found in all parts of the world, and principally in back-yards and on fences. The Cat has only one tail of its own; and when you hear of a cat-o'-nine-tails, it only means that eight other tails have been got somewhere else. The Cat is also called "Puss," and comes when it is called. It gets its back up when mad, just like many other mad people.

The most famous of all Cats is Whittington's. Cats have kittens, which are drowned when very young, and are never heard of afterwards.

THE LION. (*Leo*.)

The Lion is the king of beasts; and any animal calling him usurper is killed instantly. He was counted in many years ago and nobody has ever interfered with his reign. The Lion is very powerful. He is also quite yellow and magnanimous. The worst of all lions is the lion among ladies, for Shakespeare has observed that such a lion is "a most dreadful thing." The Lion is very easily caught. This is because he is a king and prides himself on his royalty. All you want to do is to have a post erected on a by-path, bearing a sign "no one allowed to pass here." And then dig a pit on the other side of the post. The Lion, when he takes his royal walk along the road will read this post, and say in thunder tones:

"What, forbid me to pass—me, a king!"



And he will curl his lips scornfully and walk on. The first thing he knows he will be in the pit, which is very rough on a king. The Lion is found in Asia and Africa; but the best known of all Lions is the British Lion.

THE KANGAROO. (*Halmatura*.)

The Kangaroo is just the right kind of an animal for this season of the year. He is full of spring, and can do more jumping, in less time, than anyone we know. He has often been shot by Valentine, the distinguished traveler, who says his tail is good for soup (we mean the Kangaroo's, not the traveler's). Kangaroo steak, too, is deemed a luxury. The skin of the Kangaroo is used for making boots and shoes.

The largest known Kangaroo is called the Boomer; he is the "old man" of the family, and ought to be called bummer. The old lady carries her young in a pouch—it's a sort of a nursery for the infants, who fool about and enjoy themselves considerable for young Kangaroos.

THE TIGER. (*Felis Tigris*.)

The Tiger is as ferocious as the lion, but reddish yellow with black stripes that are white below. He is one of the most bloodthirsty animals, but, fortunately, is comparatively harmless in a menagerie. The American Tiger is called the Jaguar; but when he isn't called the Jaguar, he can be fought in faro-banks and

other dangerous places. When the Tiger is spotted, he is called

THE LEOPARD. (*Tigris maculatus*.)

He is so called from being on terms of intimacy with the lion, (*felis leo*), whence Leopard.

The Scriptures ask the conundrum: "Can the Leopard change his spots?" We don't think this conundrum funny for a cent, however, and intend to give it right up. But anybody who wants to satisfy his mind on this point, may hang a Leopard up in his bedroom in a convenient position for observation, and lie in bed and see if he can change his spots. This receipt is easy and inexpensive.

THE SQUIRREL. (*Glires*.)

The Squirrel lives on nuts—when there are nuts to live on. He is a splendid little athlete, and can beat the world on the horizontal bar. As the Squirrel only feeds on oleaginous products like nuts, the hairs of his bushy tail are used as brushes for oil painters. The Squirrel is also called the chickaree, and is found in cages with little wheels in them, on which the animal works round and round with his feet. The Squirrel has many other peculiarities, but he is not of sufficient importance to take up more space.

(To be continued.)

JOHN WEISS is reported as saying, in a lecture on "Music" at Boston, that "the earthquake widens in concentric circles till the earth's bosom swallows its own shudder, and ten thousand harp-strings snap at the touch of its ruthless power." It must be worth two dollars to hear what John says when he slips down on a banana-skin.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

"Oh, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson River, recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. And her husband tenderly embraced her, saying, "My dear, if you'd been drowned, what should I have done? I ain't going to let you carry the pocket-book again."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

We are slowly but surely approaching that season when a girl will unintentionally lead her fellow up the street that is most thickly populated with ice-cream saloons.—*Fat Contributor*.





## A NEW RENDERING

HAMLET (JOHN BULL): "I did love you once."—OPHELIA (TURKEY): "Indeed, my lord, you made me love s



UCK.



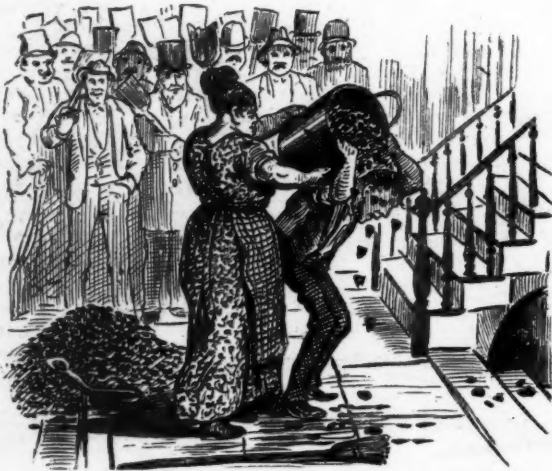
## ING OF "HAMLET."

me leave so."—HAMLET: "I loved you not—at any rate, I can't afford to do anything so unpopular now!"

## HARD TIMES.



1. Spriggins, the ex-bookkeeper, who has been balancing books all his life, takes a situation as porter, and finds that balancing goods requires a different sort of talent.



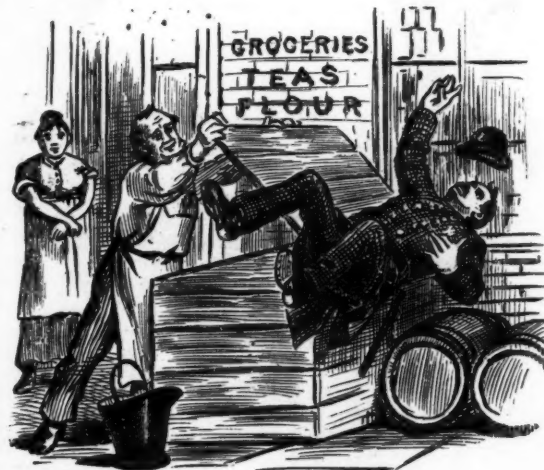
2. Bilkins undertakes, with the assistance of Mrs. B., to put in his own half-ton of coal, and save money, if not appearances.



3. Herr Schwartzenschwaffelbach, late President of the Pumpernickel Branch of the Fat Men's Association, joins the ranks of the District Telegraph Messengers.



4. Adolphus Lavender, once a Fifth Avenue exquisite, goes into the railroad business, and tries to make his old kids available in his new situation.



5. Riley, who is no longer supported by his mother, gets a position on the police force as night-man. But somehow he can't get the hang of waking up in the morning before the grocer opens his coal-box.



6. Even the ex-bank director has to strike out in a new line.





### "ROSEDALE" UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DEAR PUCK:

I had two seats for "Rosedale" on the opening night, and I very naturally observed to Araminta:

"We will go to Wallack's Theatre."

"When?" was the rather astounding reply.

"Well, my dear, as the seats happen to be for to-night, it isn't very probable that I should invite you to go last night."

"Mr. Drift, don't try to be witty," she chimed in, putting her foot down fretfully and upsetting the cuspidor. "We shall not go to-night!" I felt rather chilled at this sudden turn of affairs, and I whispered as meekly as I could under the circumstances—"Why?"

"Because I have a headache to-night, and I don't feel like going to the theatre. Let us go to-morrow night, instead."

If there is any one thing more treacherous than another, it is a woman's headache. She is apt to have it without the slightest previous warning, and on the most unpropitious of occasions. It is apt to come all at once, when inconvenient, and leave as suddenly, when convenient. If you are not a married man, you may not have made the observation.

"Araminta, my love;" I spoke in my sweetest voice, "I am truly grieved at your indisposition; but don't you think, in view of my having had these tickets sent me, and, moreover, considering that this is the first night of 'Rosedale,' you might go with me, in spite of your headache?"

Araminta did not reply. She merely gave me a look—a silent, awful look—and I tore up those clipped tickets with a vehemence that almost startled her, muttered a few words that I could hardly understand myself, and sat down at my desk and began reading the latest war news.

We didn't go to the theatre Monday night.

Tuesday night was Carnival night.

"Silas," said Araminta to me, "I hope you haven't forgotten the tickets for to-night."

"To-night, my love! Why,"—and I paused, perplexed—"Why, Araminta, you wouldn't go to the theatre on the night of this procession, would you?"

"Procession! What do I care about the procession? I want to see 'Rosedale!'"

"On this Carnival night?" I faintly asked again.

"Yes, to-night;" and she beckoned to me to remove my slippers and climb back into the gaiters, whence I had extricated myself, with much labor, but a few minutes previously.

"Now, look here, Araminta," I pleaded, "last night I had the seats, and was ready to go, and there were no obstacles like processions in our way; but to-night I haven't the seats, and I don't feel like going, and the streets are crowded with people. Do you suppose I should think of starting out for the theatre?"

Araminta merely smiled, and adjusted her new spring bonnet, making it fit prettily over her back hair, and said, "Yes—so don't delay, dear, or else we shall be late."

Well, if there is any comfort in silent anathematizing and in mute deprecation, I comforted myself for about seven minutes; and the terrible thoughts that I thought of the entire feminine sex would have filled a volume.

But Araminta, being in blissful ignorance of

my inward commotion, didn't weaken for an instant.

Before I knew what I was about, I was taking a car on my way to "Rosedale," with Araminta at my side, smiling as sweetly as though the ways of matrimony were strewn with eternal roses, and conflicting sentiments were never dreamed of.

But have you never observed how, when a thing sets out annoyingly, it is apt to continue to the bitter end extremely more so?

What with the sudden haste of my departure, and the unwillingness thereof, I had donned my Sunday trousers without first emptying the pockets of my Monday ones. And when the conductor came to collect the fare, while I was having a little philological discussion with Araminta, without looking around I handed him—with an air of unconcern that would have done credit to the gentlemanly villain of the modern society drama—a tin button, which I had extricated from the secret recesses of my trousers.

I don't know what the conductor's opinion was of this proceeding, but Araminta gave a mingled gasp and shriek, and hissed the word "Silas" between her teeth, with a vigor that startled me, and made me drop what I had taken for a silver dime. And then I saw it was a button, and I laughed; then I put my hand back into my pockets and felt a red-hot sensation creeping up my back.

I whispered to Araminta. She whispered back to me. She had left her pocket-book in the bureau.

"Conductor," I said, in a sort of a confidential voice, "I want to tell you something;" and I dragged him out on to the platform, and unbosomed myself of my misery.

"That's all right, Mr. Drift," he said. He had recognized me by the bald spot—for I had taken off my hat, and was fanning my fevered brow with it. "That's all right, Mr. Drift; the next time you ride you can pay it." I patted him on the back, and blessed him inwardly, and then went back to my seat, harboring the most dire vengeance against the partner of my joys.

But she was looking out of the window, so apparently contented, that my indignation immediately gave way to a peculiar admiration of her imperturbable spirit.

After a little while, she began talking about "Rosedale" and Lester Wallack; and she painted a picture of prospective delight at seeing him act in the rôle he had written for himself.

I agreed with everything she said—I found that was the most advisable policy.

And if we had only kept on at that even rate, we should have arrived at the theatre in due course of time, without further difficulty.

But we didn't progress at any such rate.

Because there was a procession; and because the procession would proceed in front of the car.

I thought of "Rex."

I wonder what "Rex" would have thought of me if he had known what I thought of him?

There was no more charm to me in that Carnival than there is in the rheumatism.

Well, by the gracious permission of "Rex," we arrived at Wallack's Theatre in time for the second act.

And when we got there, I had to hunt up Theodore Moss, and appeal to his true inwardness in emphatic terms, before I got my seats.

But repose must come at last. It may be a year or two longer in reaching one than another, but, with patience and perseverance—as you may have heard before—all obstacles must melt into insignificant baubles—especially in weather like this.

So, when I sat in the theatre with Araminta, and drew a sigh of relief, I felt that the little excitement I had previously undergone only

made my present calm all the more enjoyable. And when Effie Germon came on, and sent a sweet breeze over the house, I don't know but that I fully forgave Araminta all she had done during the evening.

Lester Wallack played *Elliot Gray* deliciously. Whenever the theatre runs short of strong attractions, it gives us Lester Wallack in the character of *Lester Wallack*, and gets out of the difficulty most satisfactorily.

The more he plays himself, the more we delight in him. "Rosedale" offers, in *Elliot Gray*, a part that combines enough of the romantic with the real to be decidedly Wallackian. As a play, it rather suggests a novel of the yellow-cover order, with sensational hits lavishly scattered everywhere; but its story is told in a neat, dramatic style, and brings in Lester Wallack so cleverly, that we forget its shortcomings and its improbabilities.

And what a lot of charming sentiment and masculine beauty it treats us to.

All of which was impressing itself on my mind as I sat next to Araminta, who had, been looking through her lorgnette at the performance.

The curtain fell on the second act. At that moment, Araminta clutched me by the arm and said, "Listen."

I immediately obeyed.

"Don't you hear?—it's the procession."

"I don't care," I answered, quietly.

"Not care!" she exclaimed; "it's the Carnival."

"Carnival be—! What of it?"

"Don't you want to see 'Rex' for a moment?"

"What! 'Rex'—now?" I almost thundered.

"Yes," she answered, mildly. "Hear the band playing. I wonder what's going on outside. Do let's go out for a little while and see what it's like. We can come in again, you know, and see the rest of the play."

"Now, Araminta, look here," I observed; "I don't want to get into a row and make a scene; but if you think you are going to get me out of this seat before the play is over, now that you have made me come all the way from home to get into this seat, you'll find that you were never more mistaken in the whole course of your life."

Araminta drew a long breath—that was her only reply. Then there ensued an ominous lull, and I began to grow alarmed.

In less than a minute, she had risen from her seat, and was walking towards the door. She knew I would follow. She knows how magnetic her charms are, especially under such circumstances—when a woman, walking alone up the aisle of a theatre, becomes the cynosure of every eye. I hurried after her, just as though my whole soul was in the thing, and I had been as anxious as she to leave.

But when we reached the street! There were a thousand demons in my eye; but Araminta couldn't see them. In the first place, it was too dark, and in the second place, she didn't look.

"Araminta!" I exclaimed, in tones that certainly would have struck terror into her soul, if a brass-band hadn't suddenly struck up a march, followed by the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

"Araminta!"

"Now, don't be angry, dear; look—look!"—and she pointed to something or other that was marching along to loud music, but was entirely unrecognizable.

I tried to make her hear a word that rhymed with slam, but she wouldn't listen. She hurried me up the street, jostled the crowd with me, and got my corns in people's way, until we came to the corner of Fourteenth street.

All this time I was wondering what was going on. There were no lights to see anything by, and, as I have since learned, nothing to see if



there had been lights. But they called it a Carnival. Of all the Carnivals that were ever rigged out, that was the most dyspeptic.

Col. St. Martin ought to have a monument in Central Park; with that blatant imbecile, Stanley McKenna, for a pedestal. Nothing but crowds and noise, with an occasional squeal of unhealthy music.

And to think that Araminta had got me into this labyrinth through a feminine whim.

A few stray peanut-shells, which may have been aimed at "Rex," but missed their destination in the dark, dropped on her head.

She, too, became disgusted. I knew she would be if I gave her time enough.

"Silas, let us go back," she said, after about half-an-hour's jostling in the throng. "Let's get back or we'll miss the first part of the next act."

"Next act of what?"

"Why, 'Rosedale,' of course."

"Miss the first part? Heavens and earth, Araminta! are you taking leave of your senses—or what? You don't suppose we are going back to see 'Rosedale' to-night, do you?"

"Not see 'Rosedale'? Not see Lester Wallack?"

"No, not even Lester Wallack." She had flung out that name as bait, but I had failed to nibble.

Even if I had wanted to return, it would have taken about an hour to beat a path out of the crowd back to the theatre.

I didn't stop to argue with Araminta. Things had got beyond that stage.

I quietly loosened her grip and said, with all the quiet severity I could gather into my voice: "You can go back if you like; I'm going to walk over to Third avenue and take the cars;" and I pushed bravely on.

"Silas!" she exclaimed.

I continued to push bravely on.

"Silas! Silas!" she called, following me.

I pushed still more bravely on. I knew she was following; and I didn't care how much she called my name.

By slow degrees I got towards Third avenue, still pushing bravely on; and when I reached there, Araminta was hanging on my arm—a perfect picture of resignation.

We didn't wait for a car—we took a cab—that is, the cabman took us and locked us inside, before we had fully made up our minds what we were going to do.

And on the way I had a little chat with Araminta.

Not even the rattling of the vehicle over the stones could drown that chat.

If Araminta didn't feel sorry for having lured me from my peaceful home that night, I don't think she knows how to feel sorry.

She tried once or twice to change the subject, by undertaking to discuss the merits of "Rosedale;" but I was proof against her wiles. In her earnestness, she kept on referring to the villain of the play, *Miles McKenna*, as Stanley McKenna, the carnival idiot, which only made matters worse.

We arrived home at last, and as I got out of the cab, the truth came upon me, like the blow of a sledge-hammer, that I hadn't the money to pay the cabman.

I sent Araminta up in my room to find a dollar and-a-half, and she returned with the money about a quarter of an hour later, after I had been having a brilliant conversation on all possible topics with the learned Jehu. He was getting impatient, though, I felt, in spite of all my rhetorical powers.

When I got upstairs, I found my trousers in the grate, a bunch of keys in the cuspidor, and a few other trifles that once were mine, scattered over various portions of the room.

I stood for a moment gazing at the wreck, and then said:

"I am glad you found that dollar and-a-half, Araminta."

Dejectedly yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—Araminta may possibly refuse to go with me again, the next time I get tickets for the first night, and may insist upon going the next night instead; but if I ever yield to such a fancy of hers again, may I be compelled to undergo just such another Carnival, in punishment, as I underwent last week.

S. D.

2d P. S.—If I haven't said enough of "Rosedale," it's because I didn't see enough of it; but what I did see is so well worth seeing, that I should certainly advise you to go and see it.

S. D.

## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

(Continued.)

SHE started alone at seven o'clock one morning, rowed up to Oxford, and came home in her boating-dress by train at nine o'clock at night. She went into the woods nutting with Mattie Blake, and walked home with her to the inn-door, where at the time were lounging young Radcliffe Clinker, the Hon. Dowdy McPherson, and Fitz-Botherington Jones, son of the M. P. She had long chats with Tom Reynolds, the gardener, and learned from him all that she knew about Hugh; and Tom, being only mortal and a lover, the knowledge he imparted was not greatly to his rival's advantage. René talked to him about Mattie; for if René had as yet no love of her own, she was sufficiently quick to feel interest in the love-affairs of other people.

One day, as she was crossing with her horse and three members of the London hunt in the same ferry-boat, and a dozen other gentlemen and ladies in full sight, two urchins in a boat, getting out of the way of the other, ran into the wier and capsized. The gentlemen, then wearing their new red coats—it being the first meet of the season—called lustily to the man at the lock for help; but René, clutching the long skirt of her riding-habit up to her waist, threw herself into the water and struggled desperately towards the drowning children. She could swim no better than the children; and it was with much ado that the ferryman, with a boat-hook, managed to save them all.

After that she learned to swim. Calling her nymphs about her, she went morning after morning, as soon as it was light, to the river, and, in full dress, plunged into the water from a punt and struck out for the shore, and tried, and tried, and tried again, until she could dispense entirely with the cord she had fastened about her for safety in the first attempts. She learned also to fence, and took her instruction from M. de Gaillefontaine, who, if his own modest reports were correct, was the most expert swordsman in the world. It was easy to foil her thrusts at first, but anon he had his skin broken and nearly lost the sight of his eye, and he found it necessary to protect his face with a basket as well as his pupil's.

She rode a horse like an Amazon, except that her style was more in conformity with the etiquette of civilization, and nothing could debar her from attending a meet. She was never more audacious than when in the saddle; and this audacity led to an incident which was not without bearing on this story of her life.

The private road that led into the highway from Riverford ran between Gregory Biron's estate on the one side, and that of Sir Humphrey Clinker on the other; but by crossing a paddock of Sir Humphrey's an angle was cut off, and this manœuvre Miss Biron invariably executed. The paddock faced the lodge-gate, and if that were held open René, with a short run, could put herself neatly over the paddock-fence. As she left the house one morning, she said to the gentlemen who had come to accompany her,

"I shall go over Sir Humphrey's field—will you follow?"

"May I ask why you choose that way?" asked some one.

"Because I like the leap, because it saves time, because the Clinkers are the natural enemies of the Birones—Sir Humphrey has written, protesting against my using his field—and last of all, because I like it."

But when the lodge-gates were opened a man was descried behind the opposite fence, holding his arms out like a semaphore. He would not move.

"Get out of the way!" cried René.

"I can't. Sir Humphrey Clinker says I'm not to let you go over this field: it's privet property," answered Sir Humphrey's George.

"Tell your master that where René Biron wishes to go it will need some one better than his groom to stop her. Mind your head!"

George regarded his safety; but as the horse came down upon the sacred turf he ran up and caught hold of the bridle.

"Take your hand from the rein!" cried René, with a flash of wrath from her eyes, and raising her whip threateningly.

George was dutiful—stubborn.

"Master said if you came in I was to take you up to the house," said he, and pulled at the rein.

"Drop my rein this instant!" said René, and cut at his hand.

"Shun't," said George, doggedly.

Slash fell the whip across his face, slash it went against her mare's neck, and the next minute René and her mare were over the further fence and into the road.

When at dinner-time M. de Gaillefontaine narrated this incident, Gregory Biron threw down his knife and fork, and cried,

"Come here, my René, my noble, brave girl; let me kiss you. Send Fox this very minute with a telegram to my solicitor, for I will not sleep until I have willed to you every penny of my money."

## CHAPTER IX.

RENE's spirited assertion of the right of woman to do what she pleases, even to the extent of committing trespass in the teeth of authority, met with general approval. The members of the hunt had expressed their entire approbation, and René knew that they would talk about it amongst themselves. Her grandfather's delight increased her elation.

It is impossible to be praised without feeling in the end that you fully deserve what you get. Indeed, not unfrequently we are apt to think the meed insufficient. Our love for another is not the only form of that passion for which an appetite grows by what it feeds on. When René had heard all that Gregory and M. de Gaillefontaine and Mr. Fox—who never omitted to flatter her when there was opportunity—had to say in her favor, and for lack of words could say no more, she strolled through the shrubbery and into the hothouse, where Tom Reynolds was at work. Reynolds took off his hat, and continued his work uncovered.

"May I cut you some buds, miss?" he asked.

"No, no, they are too pretty to cut."



"Doan't deu the tree no harm, miss. It's like cropping a tarrier, it drives the strength in," explained Tom, who was not more sentimental than other gardeners.

René laughed and chatted about flowers for a while, and listened to Reynolds, who talked about his management of them; then finding that talk in this groove was not likely to run on to herself, she changed the subject abruptly.

"By the bye," said she, "who is that tall red man of Sir Humphrey Clinker's?"

"You mean his coachman, miss; George. Red whiskers—ugly-faced man." (Tom was not ugly, nor were his whiskers red.)

"Yes; but his temper seems viler than his face."

"We all has our tempers, miss. But George has got more 'an a common sheare, he have, to be sure."

"I gave him a good cut over the face to-day."

"So I heered, miss," said Reynolds quietly.

This was not flattery, so René continued,

"And I think he got as much as he deserved."

Tom Reynolds cut away at his roses in silence.

"Don't you?"

"Taren't for me to say, miss."

"Yes, it is, if I ask you."

"I never say what I doan't mean, and I know my place, and I doan't want to leuse it."

René's curiosity was increased by his unwillingness to express his opinion, and not because she thought it was favorably to herself. Even gardeners know that their interests are not endangered by flattering. She questioned and protested and teased, until he was at length brought to speak.

"I doan't like George," he said; "I've fit him twice, and I'd fight him again to-morrow, so be he gave me just cause. He's ugly, and he's bad tempered, and he's got red hair; but he didn't deserve to be cut over the face by you, miss; and I felt reg'lar down-hearted when I heard you had done it, miss. It wasn't a bit like you, miss. It wasn't generous, and it wasn't fair, and it wasn't right, and it wasn't anything that could make me say to myself, 'That's my young mistress all over.' It aren't what I shall like to hear talked on at the Ferry-boat; an' George he will talk of it, he will. Maybe I shall have to fight him to make him hold his tongue. There, miss, it's a thing like bindweed, that doan't do no good to nobody, but twines up and spiles the flowers; and I'd just like to have it pulled up by the roots, and see no more on it never."

"Then, pray, what would you do, Mr. Reynolds, if a great big ugly man caught hold of your rein?"

"Dussy I'd cut him over his feace same as you, miss, 'cause I ain't gentle by birth, and haven't had no better education than most of my class, 'cause George he might try to hit me back agin. George couldn't hit you, miss, and he must deu what his master told him teu, else he'd lose hes place and starve hes wife and family."

"Then what would you have had me do?"

"I'd a been preoud to have seen you suffer him to lead yeou up to the house, miss, that I would. It would have looked like you, miss. You could 'a cut old Clinker over the face, an' welcome."

René left the house in a huff; she could not answer Tom Reynolds' arguments, and felt angry with him because he had made her angry with herself. She sulked within-doors for an hour; then she started up, caught the first hat she could find, and sallied off to a house in the village where she had seen that red-haired foe occasionally nursing a child. George was gone to the Ferry-boat; but she said she would wait; and she sat down, and made herself agreeable to George's wife for two hours. At the end of

that time he returned, when she made him a handsome apology, and returned home alone at half-past ten o'clock.

Nevertheless she crossed the forbidden paddock the very next day.

Sir Humphrey added another hurdle to the fence, making it a wide leap; Miss Biron cleared it easily. He had it heightened with furze-bushes; they tore Miss Biron's habit, otherwise she was unharmed.

The next day the furze was backed with a rail; that brought the mare down, and Miss Biron was picked up by Sir Humphrey's men, who were waiting for the event, in a state of insensibility.

The injuries she received were sufficiently serious to restrict her to carriage exercise for a couple of months. Gregory was of course violently enraged, and cursed the infirmities which prevented him from pulling Sir Humphrey Clinker's nose. But a more powerful foe laid his hand upon Gregory's ancient enemy, and death left the family feud to be sustained by Radcliffe, Sir Humphrey's sole surviving son. For that task Radcliffe was totally unfit, he being a young man of ordinary passions. He did not dislike Gregory Biron sufficiently to wish to injure him; and he admired René too much to injure himself in her estimation. He had been formal and distant in his behavior when he had met René, as the exigencies of the case demanded, and even with his father to encourage him in hostility he had fought faintly; and now he could not bring a single piece against the adversary. He was tired of the game, and would fain give it to be mated by René. Almost the first use he made of his newly-acquired power was to remove the barrier his father had erected, and to beg Miss Biron to make whatever use pleased her of any part of his estate.

Greatly to her grandfather's annoyance René accepted this treaty of peace, responding to Radcliffe's overtures with a frank avowal of her amicable inclinations, together with such generous smiles and lingering looks that he became the most fervent of her admirers; for René had many who loved her—that is to say, many who would have broken their necks to get her, but who could not have broken their hearts to lose her.

She knew her power to give pleasure, and she exercised it freely. Why should she not make men happy if a mere look or a smile could do it? It gave her no pain. The men were too old and she too young for matters to take serious proportions. A mother need not fear for her son whilst he occupies but a twelfth place in a young lady's consideration. Flirtation is like snapdragon—a game in which romping high-spirited young people pursue each other round a flickering flame, plucking out plums, but touching the burning spirit too quickly to burn their fingers with it.

If René had centred her interest upon one of her numerous lovers, she and he might have been the happiest or most miserable of living creatures.

For a time she did devote most of her attention to Radcliffe, feeling well disposed towards him because of his good-will, and being desirous of annexing to her retinue the richest and handsomest young man of those parts; and for these reasons she kept him by her in the field, and admitted him to her society more than other men. But deeper than any other motive to be kind was a feeling of pity for one who had lost a father. Yet green in her memory was the recollection of the dear one she had lost.

When they were in a lane alone, and he spoke of his father, she checked her mare to a walking pace, and listened with downcast eyes to his sentiment. He saw a tear upon her cheek. To have lost that expression of her sympathy

he would not have recalled his father from Hades.

The next time they were alone he tried again to elicit that evidence of her regard, and she, with quick womanly perception detecting the trick, cut him dead. He moped and was miserable under her displeasure, and she laughed at his dejection. That made him desperate and angry, and to pique her he kept out of her way until he could bear his voluntary banishment no longer, and came back to her with submission in his voice and eyes that implored forgiveness. She was cool to him until she found that he was actually suffering, when she became once more kind, though in a modified way, treating him as she treated other men—no better, no worse. This made him feel that he should like to marry her, and so have her all to himself. He took advantage of the first occasion of their being together alone, and said,

"I am thinking, Miss Biron, how kind you were to me during the first month of our acquaintance."

"You behaved very prettily, and one must be kind to good boys."

"I have offered you my estate; I have only one other possession to ask you to take, and if I ask you to have that, will it make you kind enough to accept me?"

"Is this an offer of marriage?" asked René gaily.

Radcliffe said "Yes," with an uneasy cough. "You are a good boy. This is my first offer."

"Then may I hope—"

"Of course you may; but you do not expect me to accept you now. The dowdiest girls refuse five or six men before they marry. I shall not be content until I have rejected a couple of dozen."

"Is it not better to marry your first love?"

"I should think it would be better to marry the last."

"Is there no romance in life? Is every girl calculating, cold, unsentimental?"

"I am romantic to a degree; and I do not calculate more than most girls, Mr. Clinker."

"Don't call me Clinker."

"Well, Mr. Robinson. I am dreadfully sentimental. But would there be anything romantic about our marriage? We have known each other two months, and if we were to marry to-morrow we should have nothing to congratulate ourselves upon. Now if you could make me another offer years hence, when our hair is streaked with gray—"

"Never!"

"That will do better still. You shall go away and break your heart, and when you are dying I will come to you, and a white-haired friar shall join our hands. Oh, that will be famous. You will go away and break your heart, just to oblige me, Mr.—Mr. Robinson."

She laughed till the hill-side rang with her rippling voice, and broke away from her blushing crest-fallen swain at a canter; and from that day she always addressed him as Mr. Robinson.

The passion a beautiful coquette inspires, with its few brief joys, its many lingering pangs, is about as undesirable a possession as the shirt of Nessus, which we should thank our Dejanira to keep to herself. Oh, far better is it to live stark-naked than to be cursed with such clothing. For what is the heat of the midday sun or the chill of midnight winds to the fever heat and death cold of fluctuating love? The sun is hottest but for an hour, and the wind is forgotten when it has passed by; but the torments brought by that tunic of love are enduring, not to be forgotten until the poor wretch who wears it has dashed out his unhappy brains.

For all he suffered, Radcliffe Clinker could not keep away from her who wrought his torment. He loved to talk of her; he was not



displeased to be rallied by his friends for his love; and when they predicted that Miss Biron would presently succeed in catching him for her husband, he declared openly that he had been rejected, but he did not descend to particulars.

Notwithstanding this declaration, it became the talk of women that René Biron was setting her cap at Radcliffe Clinker; and their talk by some means reached the ears of Mr. Silas Fox.

(To be continued.)



### Puck's Arranges.

#### ISAAC, THE INKIST.

He was a young man of twenty-two, with long hair and a meek look, but how a meek-looking man can deceive the public! A fair-looking girl clerks in a grocery store on Antoine street, and this meek-looking Isaac, who makes flutes and fiddles somewhere up that same street, fell in love with her. When only one party falls in love things are not as pleasant as they might be. The girl didn't smile on him as he called in and asked the price of potatoes and complimented her artistic taste in hanging up codfish and arranging tubs and pails. He wasn't discouraged when she refused to trust him for buckwheat flour and New Orleans molasses, but laid it to her coyness. When she once made up faces at him through the window, he argued that she loved him but was afraid to betray the fact. When he at last leaned over the counter and asked her to set the day, she had him set out-doors. The other evening he met her on the street and asked her to reconsider her words, and when she wouldn't he threw ink on her shawl, ran off and got drunk, and was picked up among a lot of old wagon wheels as he slumbered.

"Boy, what means this conduct!" demanded the court in a cast-iron voice.

"I'm werry, werry sorry," lisped the meek young man.

"Throw ink on a young lady because she won't marry you?—it is the blackest kind of an offense, sir!"

"Indeed, thir, but I think I wath almost crazy," whispered Isaac.

"Crazy about what! Isn't there but one good-looking clerkess in Detroit? Aren't there 5000 girls in this city waiting for husbands?"

"I don't know, thir."

"Well, sir, you want to pay for that shawl, for one thing. Secondly, you want to keep away from that grocery, let that girl alone, and hand the clerk five dollars to settle this case of drunkenness. If the girl had come down here and testified to the assault, you might have been landed where the dogs couldn't bite you."

"What dogth?" softly asked Isaac.

"No matter—you beware! It won't be well for you to come in here again."

"Can't I come in and thee the cases tried?" asked Isaac.

"No, sir!"

"Then I wonth," he sighed, as he handed over his fine and turned away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MISS NEILSON positively affirms that she is not to be married, and now we hope our friends will cease winking at us and joking us in such an annoying manner.—*Rockland Courier.*

#### OYSTERS AND TRUTH.

AN accident occurred in a small interior town in Indiana, recently, which is valuable as illustrating the oft-repeated assertion that the truth ought not to be told at all times. A lady sent her little boy with a bottle of pickled oysters as a present to one of her friends. The boy started off, and with a view to rendering the bottle less liable to meet with an untimely end breakage, tucked it snugly under his arm and broke into a canter which he kept up for nearly half the distance. Then he paused to rest, and whether the violent motion to which the oysters had been subjected, irritated them, or whether the unusual commotion had generated gas, is unknown, but hardly had the boy stopped running and sobered down to a steady walk, than pop went the cork and fiz-fiz-fiz went the oyster juice, and there was as badly a scared boy with an empty oyster jar under his arm as could have been found in two continents at that particular moment. Nor was this all. The cork struck a lady walking behind the boy, and the lady, in the extremity of her terror, jumped back square into the arms of a man who was behind her. Now look out for the romance! This man was her husband, whom she had not seen for six years. With a wild scream she threw up her arms, crying, "at last! at last! at last!" "Yes," muttered the man, dropping her nearly insensible form on the sidewalk, "and I'll take care that it is the very last." And he sped with the speed of a reindeer down the alley. The frightened boy, who had been an amazed witness of this domestic scene, went home, related it to his mother and got whipped by his father for lying.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A CHICAGO house-painter accomplished more work in a day than he intended to, and grief and mortification caused him to commit suicide.—*Philadelphia Evening Chronicle.*

ONE of the inmates of the Maine Insane Asylum is a mere infant. It lost its reason through chewing up a piece of one of Evarts' sentences.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

THE telephone would prove of capital service during the hot summer months if it could be employed in bringing airs from the Arctic regions.—*Courier-Journal.*

NICE Uncle (improving the occasion)—"You see, my dear, you don't generally call boys 'pretty'; but if they are very, very good indeed, they may grow up 'handsome.'" Olive Branch—"Oh, Uncle, why didn't you be a good boy?"—*Judy.*

"WHAT are you doing now, Alexis?" is the cable message daily received by the Grand Duke from his wife. His invariable reply is that he is just starting out for divine service and will send full particulars by mail.

A MAN lectured in Brooklyn the other evening in vindication of Judas. The audience consisted of three men, one woman and a boy, indicating that Judas had fewer friends in Brooklyn than would naturally be expected.

"WHILE conversing yesterday on financial topics with the president of one of our leading banks, we remarked," etc. It was in this style that a country editor opened his leading editorial a few weeks ago. It subsequently transpired that he had gone in there to request the loan of a dollar.

BROOKLYN has a club composed exclusively of divorce persons. It believes in doing things by halves.—*Philadelphia Evening Herald.*

"THEY do things better abroad." Thus we learn that in the Andaman Islands, when a young man is ready to take a wife, he merely sits beside a marriageable maiden and stares at her. Then the bride's father or guardian joins the hands of the pair, and they disappear from the village, plunging into the depths of the forest, and remaining away several days. It is only difficult to say whether the plan of courtship or of honeymoon deserves most commendation. The Audaman Islands, by the way, are in the Bay of Bengal.

It takes a hotel waiter who can fold a large-sized table-cloth, to open a copy of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* with neatness and dispatch.

MRS. DAY, of Pomfret, Conn., has had three husbands within three years. And now we shall see if a Day will bring fourth.

A PHILADELPHIA paper states that the "Saratoga grip" is the name of the fashion of carrying one's dress over the left arm. We have seen a gentleman try that with his coat in hot weather, but it strikes us the ladies will find a similar feat, performed with their dresses, attended with inconvenience, not to mention a *decolletee denouement*.—*Buffalo Express.*

A RATHER seedy-looking individual came into a Detroit shipping-office the other day and stood around with an aimless and uncertain air for several minutes. Finally one of the firm noticed him, and, conjecturing his errand, said: "No, sir, we don't want any lead-pencils or the 'Life of Christ' to-day. Couldn't buy them. Nor pain-killer either. Nor shoe-laces. We've bought matches until the closet is full of 'em. If we used some patent soap on our collars, it would disgrace the rest of our coats. And, finally, we don't ever get our silk-hats fixed up. We use them for cushions. The other member of the firm and the clerk wore grins on their countenances, and the caller seemed nonplussed. But he shook himself, and gathered his shiny, threadbare coat about him, and shrugged his shoulders, and as he opened the door to go out, he remarked in low, quiet tones: "All right; I just called to pay you a freight-bill that has been running since last summer. I'll call again, perhaps." The door closed softly after him, and a stillness like that of a Sabbath morn pervaded the office.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HON. NEAL DOW, the great temperance agitator of Portland, Maine, was in the city yesterday. It is not supposed that the visit of Mr. Dow has anything to do with awarding the contract for the making of the Moffett bell-punch.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

A BOSTON lady, returning to the public school where she taught nine years ago, found but one change among the score of teachers employed there. Her husband thought it an evidence of the unattractiveness of the Boston school-marm.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

A STILL small voice from the Catskill *Recorder*: "It may be all right, this spooking round the skies with a telescope after comets and things, but the person who will invent a potato-bug annihilator is the person this country wants to pat on the back."

A FAILING MEMORY.—A young man who married a woman with seven sisters, and went to live in the family, came out the other day, and sadly asked a neighbor whether it was better to cut your strawberry beds bias with inside platings, or pompadour with nothing but plain insertion.—*Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.*



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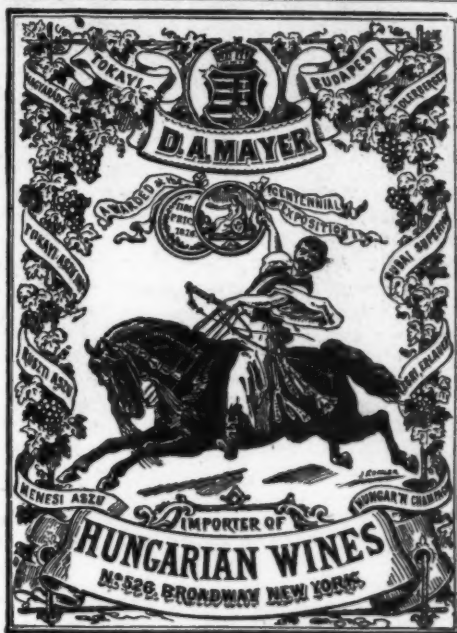
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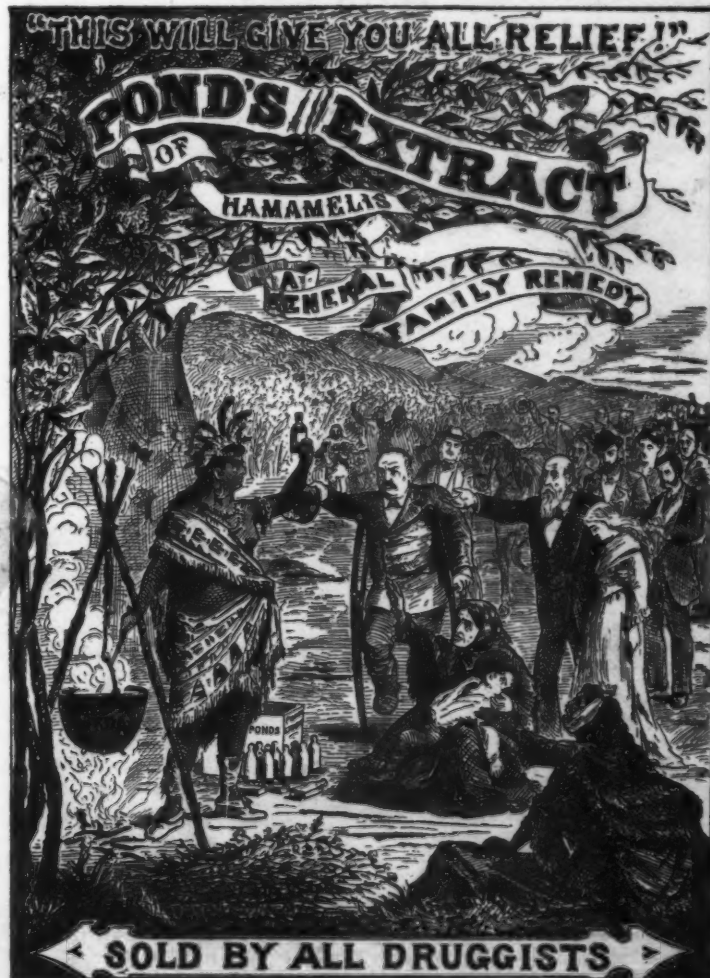
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